

YALE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

CARLISLE INDIANS PLAY PRACTICALLY A DRAW WITH THE BLUE.

Though the final score is 13 to 6, the Red Men make a touchdown in the second half which is not allowed. Although the referee admits his mistake, the New Haven Eleven plays a poor game. While the Indians surprise a big crowd by their fine work.

When the plucky Carlisle Indians walked off the Manhattan field at the conclusion of the game with Yale yesterday afternoon there was a mighty cheer from thousands of throngs, which soon developed into a great roar, lasting fully five minutes. The red men received this ovation because they had practically played a draw with the New Haven Eleven, although the final score was 13 to 6 in favor of the Blue. But for a palpably wrong ruling by the referee, which he afterward acknowledged, the figures at the end of the second half might have been 12 to 12, providing a goal had been kicked from a touchdown that was as cleanly made as any in the history of football.

All of the officials were Yale men and the Indians were constantly complaining of their alleged partiality. It may have been unintentional, but on several occasions there were rulings that certainly looked queer. The fact that the Yale team as a whole seemed to play with their heads, but it is a certainty that had W. O. Hickok, the referee, ruled properly in the second half, Yale would have had a close call from a practical defeat.

The play that caused all the trouble and in which the majority of the crowd centered in the second half, about five minutes before time was up, the Indians had the ball on their own twenty-five-yard line. Jameson, the left end, was brought back, and when he received the leather he followed the referee into a hole between right tackle and end. He was actually held, but his tackle was thrown off easily, and then Jameson emerged back of Yale's line, running like the wind. He dodged past Mills and Chandler and sprinted like a greyhound for Yale's goal. Two wearers of the game class, but he was blocked by four Indians, who formed a superb interposition behind Jameson, and when the latter placed the ball between Yale's goal posts there was a tremendous burst of enthusiasm from the stands, the victu, and Deadhead Hill.

But the cheering and the excitement, cut short, for the big referee was seen waving his hand kerchief to Jameson as a signal to come back. In a moment there was a howl of indignation from the crowd, and especially from the Indians themselves. Hickok held a short consultation with Josh Hartwell, the umpire, and Capt. Murphy of Yale, who rushed into the field from the side lines, and then he ordered the Indians to make the play over again. Bemis Pierce, the captain of the redskins, asked why the touchdown had not been allowed, and received the information that the referee had thought that Jameson had been "down" when he first hit the line. Hickok was clearly rattled, and when the Indians refused to continue, he made matters worse by admitting his mistake. Under the rules he was obliged to allow the play to stand, and the Indians were clearly deprived of a touchdown and a probable goal, as the ball would have been kicked from a point directly in front of the posts. Hickok, who has been coaching the Carlisle team, then succeeded in getting the Indians to play again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

It is not too much to say that had the Indians been strong in punting Yale might have seen a very different issue to the game. In kicking the Indians were woefully weak and at every attempt the sons of Eli made tremendous gains on them. For the first time in the history of a game that for variety of incident and honest, hard play hardly ever excelled this season, and the black-haired aborigines, besides the glory of scoring six to Yale's twelve, have the added satisfaction of such a reception from the crowd as has never before been accorded to any but the championship teams. Moreover, it was a non-partisan enthusiasm, brought out simply because the Indians played a magnificent game against a team that was expected to win an easy victory.

Oh, this is a trick," said the more enthusiastic Yale supporters in the intermission. "We'll eat 'em up in the second half. Why, Princeton didn't score at all in the first half, and scored 22 in the second. We'll make 'em think they're playing marbles now."

When the Carlisle team returned to the field they were roars of welcome, and they showed themselves in the best of form. They had noticed that the Indian center, who had been pushed out of the line by the Yale men, was effective, as the game went on the Indians had developed a method of tearing that interference to pieces and getting at the ball. They had also noted, and with misgivings for Yale, that every now and then the blue line would show gaps through which a horse and wagon might have been driven. For these reasons the conservatives were inclined to believe that Yale's total score would be played again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

Back and forth went the battle, Yale being unable to gain against the determined defense of the Indians, but withstanding with great pluck the savage attacks on her line. So the battle went on, each side of the field, now on this, but not moving any nearer to the goal, toward either goal. At the call of time it was near the middle of the field, and it was plain to see that Yale, instead of regretting that there was no more time in which to gain another possible score, was thankful that the game had come to a close. The game was a remarkably clean and free football play, injuries were few and penalties for foul play gratifyingly infrequent.

By gaining their ground time and again against the Yale men, and by holding them for four downs repeatedly when the blues were within arm's length of a touchdown, (a feat which very few teams have ever accomplished) and by playing them a little better than ever during an entire half, the Indians have proven their claim to a place in the front ranks. Of the many points of the football play toward them there could be no doubt. It would not be surprising if, when they played next year, the aborigines should find themselves welcomed as the particular football pets and protégés of New York city.

The day ended at the time, Yale played the usual standard, and unless a big rain comes between now and Nov. 21 Princeton's chances for victory will increase twofold. The way the Indians, who know very little about the fine points of the game, tore up Yale's line was the cause for much worry on the part of New Haven spectators, and the ineffectual attempt to break through the Carlisle line proved beyond a doubt that the blue backs are weak. Chandler, who puffed full back, did far better work than did Hilly at Yale. The Carlisle line was an unmistakable failing off, while Mills did better than was expected. Ely, at quarter, was lively enough in the first half, but Finke, who succeeded him, showed lack of training. Yale's center was lamentably weak, McFarland, who

played in place of Chamberlin, showing ineptitude and continual slowness.

Chadwick and Murray, the guards, were at the line, and the center, who was in the line, seemed really handled by their opponents. The Carlisle line was on the left side of the line, seemed rooted to the ground on several occasions. It was through a wide gap between them that Cayon broke and ran almost the entire length of the field for Carlisle's touchdown, after just three minutes of play in the half. Cayon played fairly well, but he so far forgot himself once as to deliberately punch Hawley Pierce in the face because the Indian successfully blocked him. Later Murphy was helped off the field. Hazen put up a first-class game at right end, all things considered, but his work could have been better at that.

The Indians were magnificently trained and went into the battle with fire. Their tackling was superb, and in several instances the Yale men who fell before them believed that they had been buried under a ton of coal. The center of the line, made up of Royce, Porter, and Wolf, and Wheeler, proved a veritable stone wall. During the first half the Yale men learned this to their sorrow, and then tried the ends, which were found to be very strong. The red men had the muscle and the speed to break through the Yale line, but they were handicapped by a limited knowledge of the fine points of football. With the intelligence of Yale it is hard to see how the New Haven players would have been moved under.

All of the officials were Yale men and the Indians were constantly complaining of their alleged partiality. It may have been unintentional, but on several occasions there were rulings that certainly looked queer. The fact that the Yale team as a whole seemed to play with their heads, but it is a certainty that had W. O. Hickok, the referee, ruled properly in the second half, Yale would have had a close call from a practical defeat.

The play that caused all the trouble and in which the majority of the crowd centered in the second half, about five minutes before time was up, the Indians had the ball on their own twenty-five-yard line. Jameson, the left end, was brought back, and when he received the leather he followed the referee into a hole between right tackle and end. He was actually held, but his tackle was thrown off easily, and then Jameson emerged back of Yale's line, running like the wind. He dodged past Mills and Chandler and sprinted like a greyhound for Yale's goal. Two wearers of the game class, but he was blocked by four Indians, who formed a superb interposition behind Jameson, and when the latter placed the ball between Yale's goal posts there was a tremendous burst of enthusiasm from the stands, the victu, and Deadhead Hill.

But the cheering and the excitement, cut short, for the big referee was seen waving his hand kerchief to Jameson as a signal to come back. In a moment there was a howl of indignation from the crowd, and especially from the Indians themselves. Hickok held a short consultation with Josh Hartwell, the umpire, and Capt. Murphy of Yale, who rushed into the field from the side lines, and then he ordered the Indians to make the play over again. Bemis Pierce, the captain of the redskins, asked why the touchdown had not been allowed, and received the information that the referee had thought that Jameson had been "down" when he first hit the line. Hickok was clearly rattled, and when the Indians refused to continue, he made matters worse by admitting his mistake. Under the rules he was obliged to allow the play to stand, and the Indians were clearly deprived of a touchdown and a probable goal, as the ball would have been kicked from a point directly in front of the posts. Hickok, who has been coaching the Carlisle team, then succeeded in getting the Indians to play again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

It is not too much to say that had the Indians been strong in punting Yale might have seen a very different issue to the game. In kicking the Indians were woefully weak and at every attempt the sons of Eli made tremendous gains on them. For the first time in the history of a game that for variety of incident and honest, hard play hardly ever excelled this season, and the black-haired aborigines, besides the glory of scoring six to Yale's twelve, have the added satisfaction of such a reception from the crowd as has never before been accorded to any but the championship teams. Moreover, it was a non-partisan enthusiasm, brought out simply because the Indians played a magnificent game against a team that was expected to win an easy victory.

Oh, this is a trick," said the more enthusiastic Yale supporters in the intermission. "We'll eat 'em up in the second half. Why, Princeton didn't score at all in the first half, and scored 22 in the second. We'll make 'em think they're playing marbles now."

When the Carlisle team returned to the field they were roars of welcome, and they showed themselves in the best of form. They had noticed that the Indian center, who had been pushed out of the line by the Yale men, was effective, as the game went on the Indians had developed a method of tearing that interference to pieces and getting at the ball. They had also noted, and with misgivings for Yale, that every now and then the blue line would show gaps through which a horse and wagon might have been driven. For these reasons the conservatives were inclined to believe that Yale's total score would be played again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

Back and forth went the battle, Yale being unable to gain against the determined defense of the Indians, but withstanding with great pluck the savage attacks on her line. So the battle went on, each side of the field, now on this, but not moving any nearer to the goal, toward either goal. At the call of time it was near the middle of the field, and it was plain to see that Yale, instead of regretting that there was no more time in which to gain another possible score, was thankful that the game had come to a close. The game was a remarkably clean and free football play, injuries were few and penalties for foul play gratifyingly infrequent.

By gaining their ground time and again against the Yale men, and by holding them for four downs repeatedly when the blues were within arm's length of a touchdown, (a feat which very few teams have ever accomplished) and by playing them a little better than ever during an entire half, the Indians have proven their claim to a place in the front ranks. Of the many points of the football play toward them there could be no doubt. It would not be surprising if, when they played next year, the aborigines should find themselves welcomed as the particular football pets and protégés of New York city.

The day ended at the time, Yale played the usual standard, and unless a big rain comes between now and Nov. 21 Princeton's chances for victory will increase twofold. The way the Indians, who know very little about the fine points of the game, tore up Yale's line was the cause for much worry on the part of New Haven spectators, and the ineffectual attempt to break through the Carlisle line proved beyond a doubt that the blue backs are weak. Chandler, who puffed full back, did far better work than did Hilly at Yale. The Carlisle line was an unmistakable failing off, while Mills did better than was expected. Ely, at quarter, was lively enough in the first half, but Finke, who succeeded him, showed lack of training. Yale's center was lamentably weak, McFarland, who

played in place of Chamberlin, showing ineptitude and continual slowness.

Chadwick and Murray, the guards, were at the line, and the center, who was in the line, seemed really handled by their opponents. The Carlisle line was on the left side of the line, seemed rooted to the ground on several occasions. It was through a wide gap between them that Cayon broke and ran almost the entire length of the field for Carlisle's touchdown, after just three minutes of play in the half. Cayon played fairly well, but he so far forgot himself once as to deliberately punch Hawley Pierce in the face because the Indian successfully blocked him. Later Murphy was helped off the field. Hazen put up a first-class game at right end, all things considered, but his work could have been better at that.

The Indians were magnificently trained and went into the battle with fire. Their tackling was superb, and in several instances the Yale men who fell before them believed that they had been buried under a ton of coal. The center of the line, made up of Royce, Porter, and Wolf, and Wheeler, proved a veritable stone wall. During the first half the Yale men learned this to their sorrow, and then tried the ends, which were found to be very strong. The red men had the muscle and the speed to break through the Yale line, but they were handicapped by a limited knowledge of the fine points of football. With the intelligence of Yale it is hard to see how the New Haven players would have been moved under.

All of the officials were Yale men and the Indians were constantly complaining of their alleged partiality. It may have been unintentional, but on several occasions there were rulings that certainly looked queer. The fact that the Yale team as a whole seemed to play with their heads, but it is a certainty that had W. O. Hickok, the referee, ruled properly in the second half, Yale would have had a close call from a practical defeat.

The play that caused all the trouble and in which the majority of the crowd centered in the second half, about five minutes before time was up, the Indians had the ball on their own twenty-five-yard line. Jameson, the left end, was brought back, and when he received the leather he followed the referee into a hole between right tackle and end. He was actually held, but his tackle was thrown off easily, and then Jameson emerged back of Yale's line, running like the wind. He dodged past Mills and Chandler and sprinted like a greyhound for Yale's goal. Two wearers of the game class, but he was blocked by four Indians, who formed a superb interposition behind Jameson, and when the latter placed the ball between Yale's goal posts there was a tremendous burst of enthusiasm from the stands, the victu, and Deadhead Hill.

But the cheering and the excitement, cut short, for the big referee was seen waving his hand kerchief to Jameson as a signal to come back. In a moment there was a howl of indignation from the crowd, and especially from the Indians themselves. Hickok held a short consultation with Josh Hartwell, the umpire, and Capt. Murphy of Yale, who rushed into the field from the side lines, and then he ordered the Indians to make the play over again. Bemis Pierce, the captain of the redskins, asked why the touchdown had not been allowed, and received the information that the referee had thought that Jameson had been "down" when he first hit the line. Hickok was clearly rattled, and when the Indians refused to continue, he made matters worse by admitting his mistake. Under the rules he was obliged to allow the play to stand, and the Indians were clearly deprived of a touchdown and a probable goal, as the ball would have been kicked from a point directly in front of the posts. Hickok, who has been coaching the Carlisle team, then succeeded in getting the Indians to play again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

It is not too much to say that had the Indians been strong in punting Yale might have seen a very different issue to the game. In kicking the Indians were woefully weak and at every attempt the sons of Eli made tremendous gains on them. For the first time in the history of a game that for variety of incident and honest, hard play hardly ever excelled this season, and the black-haired aborigines, besides the glory of scoring six to Yale's twelve, have the added satisfaction of such a reception from the crowd as has never before been accorded to any but the championship teams. Moreover, it was a non-partisan enthusiasm, brought out simply because the Indians played a magnificent game against a team that was expected to win an easy victory.

Oh, this is a trick," said the more enthusiastic Yale supporters in the intermission. "We'll eat 'em up in the second half. Why, Princeton didn't score at all in the first half, and scored 22 in the second. We'll make 'em think they're playing marbles now."

When the Carlisle team returned to the field they were roars of welcome, and they showed themselves in the best of form. They had noticed that the Indian center, who had been pushed out of the line by the Yale men, was effective, as the game went on the Indians had developed a method of tearing that interference to pieces and getting at the ball. They had also noted, and with misgivings for Yale, that every now and then the blue line would show gaps through which a horse and wagon might have been driven. For these reasons the conservatives were inclined to believe that Yale's total score would be played again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

Back and forth went the battle, Yale being unable to gain against the determined defense of the Indians, but withstanding with great pluck the savage attacks on her line. So the battle went on, each side of the field, now on this, but not moving any nearer to the goal, toward either goal. At the call of time it was near the middle of the field, and it was plain to see that Yale, instead of regretting that there was no more time in which to gain another possible score, was thankful that the game had come to a close. The game was a remarkably clean and free football play, injuries were few and penalties for foul play gratifyingly infrequent.

By gaining their ground time and again against the Yale men, and by holding them for four downs repeatedly when the blues were within arm's length of a touchdown, (a feat which very few teams have ever accomplished) and by playing them a little better than ever during an entire half, the Indians have proven their claim to a place in the front ranks. Of the many points of the football play toward them there could be no doubt. It would not be surprising if, when they played next year, the aborigines should find themselves welcomed as the particular football pets and protégés of New York city.

The day ended at the time, Yale played the usual standard, and unless a big rain comes between now and Nov. 21 Princeton's chances for victory will increase twofold. The way the Indians, who know very little about the fine points of the game, tore up Yale's line was the cause for much worry on the part of New Haven spectators, and the ineffectual attempt to break through the Carlisle line proved beyond a doubt that the blue backs are weak. Chandler, who puffed full back, did far better work than did Hilly at Yale. The Carlisle line was an unmistakable failing off, while Mills did better than was expected. Ely, at quarter, was lively enough in the first half, but Finke, who succeeded him, showed lack of training. Yale's center was lamentably weak, McFarland, who

played in place of Chamberlin, showing ineptitude and continual slowness.

Chadwick and Murray, the guards, were at the line, and the center, who was in the line, seemed really handled by their opponents. The Carlisle line was on the left side of the line, seemed rooted to the ground on several occasions. It was through a wide gap between them that Cayon broke and ran almost the entire length of the field for Carlisle's touchdown, after just three minutes of play in the half. Cayon played fairly well, but he so far forgot himself once as to deliberately punch Hawley Pierce in the face because the Indian successfully blocked him. Later Murphy was helped off the field. Hazen put up a first-class game at right end, all things considered, but his work could have been better at that.

The Indians were magnificently trained and went into the battle with fire. Their tackling was superb, and in several instances the Yale men who fell before them believed that they had been buried under a ton of coal. The center of the line, made up of Royce, Porter, and Wolf, and Wheeler, proved a veritable stone wall. During the first half the Yale men learned this to their sorrow, and then tried the ends, which were found to be very strong. The red men had the muscle and the speed to break through the Yale line, but they were handicapped by a limited knowledge of the fine points of football. With the intelligence of Yale it is hard to see how the New Haven players would have been moved under.

All of the officials were Yale men and the Indians were constantly complaining of their alleged partiality. It may have been unintentional, but on several occasions there were rulings that certainly looked queer. The fact that the Yale team as a whole seemed to play with their heads, but it is a certainty that had W. O. Hickok, the referee, ruled properly in the second half, Yale would have had a close call from a practical defeat.

The play that caused all the trouble and in which the majority of the crowd centered in the second half, about five minutes before time was up, the Indians had the ball on their own twenty-five-yard line. Jameson, the left end, was brought back, and when he received the leather he followed the referee into a hole between right tackle and end. He was actually held, but his tackle was thrown off easily, and then Jameson emerged back of Yale's line, running like the wind. He dodged past Mills and Chandler and sprinted like a greyhound for Yale's goal. Two wearers of the game class, but he was blocked by four Indians, who formed a superb interposition behind Jameson, and when the latter placed the ball between Yale's goal posts there was a tremendous burst of enthusiasm from the stands, the victu, and Deadhead Hill.

But the cheering and the excitement, cut short, for the big referee was seen waving his hand kerchief to Jameson as a signal to come back. In a moment there was a howl of indignation from the crowd, and especially from the Indians themselves. Hickok held a short consultation with Josh Hartwell, the umpire, and Capt. Murphy of Yale, who rushed into the field from the side lines, and then he ordered the Indians to make the play over again. Bemis Pierce, the captain of the redskins, asked why the touchdown had not been allowed, and received the information that the referee had thought that Jameson had been "down" when he first hit the line. Hickok was clearly rattled, and when the Indians refused to continue, he made matters worse by admitting his mistake. Under the rules he was obliged to allow the play to stand, and the Indians were clearly deprived of a touchdown and a probable goal, as the ball would have been kicked from a point directly in front of the posts. Hickok, who has been coaching the Carlisle team, then succeeded in getting the Indians to play again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

It is not too much to say that had the Indians been strong in punting Yale might have seen a very different issue to the game. In kicking the Indians were woefully weak and at every attempt the sons of Eli made tremendous gains on them. For the first time in the history of a game that for variety of incident and honest, hard play hardly ever excelled this season, and the black-haired aborigines, besides the glory of scoring six to Yale's twelve, have the added satisfaction of such a reception from the crowd as has never before been accorded to any but the championship teams. Moreover, it was a non-partisan enthusiasm, brought out simply because the Indians played a magnificent game against a team that was expected to win an easy victory.

Oh, this is a trick," said the more enthusiastic Yale supporters in the intermission. "We'll eat 'em up in the second half. Why, Princeton didn't score at all in the first half, and scored 22 in the second. We'll make 'em think they're playing marbles now."

When the Carlisle team returned to the field they were roars of welcome, and they showed themselves in the best of form. They had noticed that the Indian center, who had been pushed out of the line by the Yale men, was effective, as the game went on the Indians had developed a method of tearing that interference to pieces and getting at the ball. They had also noted, and with misgivings for Yale, that every now and then the blue line would show gaps through which a horse and wagon might have been driven. For these reasons the conservatives were inclined to believe that Yale's total score would be played again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

Back and forth went the battle, Yale being unable to gain against the determined defense of the Indians, but withstanding with great pluck the savage attacks on her line. So the battle went on, each side of the field, now on this, but not moving any nearer to the goal, toward either goal. At the call of time it was near the middle of the field, and it was plain to see that Yale, instead of regretting that there was no more time in which to gain another possible score, was thankful that the game had come to a close. The game was a remarkably clean and free football play, injuries were few and penalties for foul play gratifyingly infrequent.

By gaining their ground time and again against the Yale men, and by holding them for four downs repeatedly when the blues were within arm's length of a touchdown, (a feat which very few teams have ever accomplished) and by playing them a little better than ever during an entire half, the Indians have proven their claim to a place in the front ranks. Of the many points of the football play toward them there could be no doubt. It would not be surprising if, when they played next year, the aborigines should find themselves welcomed as the particular football pets and protégés of New York city.

The day ended at the time, Yale played the usual standard, and unless a big rain comes between now and Nov. 21 Princeton's chances for victory will increase twofold. The way the Indians, who know very little about the fine points of the game, tore up Yale's line was the cause for much worry on the part of New Haven spectators, and the ineffectual attempt to break through the Carlisle line proved beyond a doubt that the blue backs are weak. Chandler, who puffed full back, did far better work than did Hilly at Yale. The Carlisle line was an unmistakable failing off, while Mills did better than was expected. Ely, at quarter, was lively enough in the first half, but Finke, who succeeded him, showed lack of training. Yale's center was lamentably weak, McFarland, who

played in place of Chamberlin, showing ineptitude and continual slowness.

Chadwick and Murray, the guards, were at the line, and the center, who was in the line, seemed really handled by their opponents. The Carlisle line was on the left side of the line, seemed rooted to the ground on several occasions. It was through a wide gap between them that Cayon broke and ran almost the entire length of the field for Carlisle's touchdown, after just three minutes of play in the half. Cayon played fairly well, but he so far forgot himself once as to deliberately punch Hawley Pierce in the face because the Indian successfully blocked him. Later Murphy was helped off the field. Hazen put up a first-class game at right end, all things considered, but his work could have been better at that.

The Indians were magnificently trained and went into the battle with fire. Their tackling was superb, and in several instances the Yale men who fell before them believed that they had been buried under a ton of coal. The center of the line, made up of Royce, Porter, and Wolf, and Wheeler, proved a veritable stone wall. During the first half the Yale men learned this to their sorrow, and then tried the ends, which were found to be very strong. The red men had the muscle and the speed to break through the Yale line, but they were handicapped by a limited knowledge of the fine points of football. With the intelligence of Yale it is hard to see how the New Haven players would have been moved under.

All of the officials were Yale men and the Indians were constantly complaining of their alleged partiality. It may have been unintentional, but on several occasions there were rulings that certainly looked queer. The fact that the Yale team as a whole seemed to play with their heads, but it is a certainty that had W. O. Hickok, the referee, ruled properly in the second half, Yale would have had a close call from a practical defeat.

The play that caused all the trouble and in which the majority of the crowd centered in the second half, about five minutes before time was up, the Indians had the ball on their own twenty-five-yard line. Jameson, the left end, was brought back, and when he received the leather he followed the referee into a hole between right tackle and end. He was actually held, but his tackle was thrown off easily, and then Jameson emerged back of Yale's line, running like the wind. He dodged past Mills and Chandler and sprinted like a greyhound for Yale's goal. Two wearers of the game class, but he was blocked by four Indians, who formed a superb interposition behind Jameson, and when the latter placed the ball between Yale's goal posts there was a tremendous burst of enthusiasm from the stands, the victu, and Deadhead Hill.

But the cheering and the excitement, cut short, for the big referee was seen waving his hand kerchief to Jameson as a signal to come back. In a moment there was a howl of indignation from the crowd, and especially from the Indians themselves. Hickok held a short consultation with Josh Hartwell, the umpire, and Capt. Murphy of Yale, who rushed into the field from the side lines, and then he ordered the Indians to make the play over again. Bemis Pierce, the captain of the redskins, asked why the touchdown had not been allowed, and received the information that the referee had thought that Jameson had been "down" when he first hit the line. Hickok was clearly rattled, and when the Indians refused to continue, he made matters worse by admitting his mistake. Under the rules he was obliged to allow the play to stand, and the Indians were clearly deprived of a touchdown and a probable goal, as the ball would have been kicked from a point directly in front of the posts. Hickok, who has been coaching the Carlisle team, then succeeded in getting the Indians to play again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

It is not too much to say that had the Indians been strong in punting Yale might have seen a very different issue to the game. In kicking the Indians were woefully weak and at every attempt the sons of Eli made tremendous gains on them. For the first time in the history of a game that for variety of incident and honest, hard play hardly ever excelled this season, and the black-haired aborigines, besides the glory of scoring six to Yale's twelve, have the added satisfaction of such a reception from the crowd as has never before been accorded to any but the championship teams. Moreover, it was a non-partisan enthusiasm, brought out simply because the Indians played a magnificent game against a team that was expected to win an easy victory.

Oh, this is a trick," said the more enthusiastic Yale supporters in the intermission. "We'll eat 'em up in the second half. Why, Princeton didn't score at all in the first half, and scored 22 in the second. We'll make 'em think they're playing marbles now."

When the Carlisle team returned to the field they were roars of welcome, and they showed themselves in the best of form. They had noticed that the Indian center, who had been pushed out of the line by the Yale men, was effective, as the game went on the Indians had developed a method of tearing that interference to pieces and getting at the ball. They had also noted, and with misgivings for Yale, that every now and then the blue line would show gaps through which a horse and wagon might have been driven. For these reasons the conservatives were inclined to believe that Yale's total score would be played again by telling them that they "still had the ball and could easily score another touchdown." But this was out of the question, for in the remaining minutes the Yale men fought for their lives and succeeded in keeping their opponents from advancing the ball into their territory.

Back and forth went the battle, Yale being unable to gain against the determined defense of the Indians, but withstanding with great pluck the savage attacks on her line. So the battle went on, each side of the field, now on this, but not moving any nearer to the goal, toward either goal. At the call of time it was near the middle of the field, and it was plain to see that Yale, instead of regretting that there was no more time in which to gain another possible score, was thankful that the game had come to a close. The game was a remarkably clean and free football play, injuries were few and penalties for foul play gratifyingly infrequent.

By gaining their ground time and again against the Yale men, and by holding them for four downs repeatedly when the blues were within arm's length of a touchdown, (a feat which very few teams have ever accomplished) and by playing them a little better than ever during an entire half, the Indians have proven their claim to a place in the front ranks. Of the many points of the football play toward them there could be no doubt. It would not be surprising if, when they played next year, the aborigines should find themselves welcomed as the particular football pets and protégés of New York city.

The day ended at the time, Yale played the usual standard, and unless a big rain comes between now and Nov. 21 Princeton's chances for victory will increase twofold. The way the Indians, who know very little about the fine points of the game, tore up Yale's line was the cause for much worry on the part of New Haven spectators, and the ineffectual attempt to break through the Carlisle line proved beyond a doubt that the blue backs are weak. Chandler, who puffed full back, did far better work than did Hilly at Yale. The Carlisle line was an unmistakable failing off, while Mills did better than was expected. Ely, at quarter, was lively enough in the first half, but Finke, who succeeded him, showed lack of training. Yale's center was lamentably weak, McFarland, who

FOOTBALL AT HARVARD.

The Eleven Handicapped by Injured Tackles.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 24.—In the strength of the tackle team, the Harvard football team's destiny on the football gridiron this fall. Early in the year there appeared to be an excellent prospect of turning out two strong men for these positions, but unluckily, Harvard's share in the candidates for tackle has been small.

At present his "Beet" Wheeler is hobbling around on crutches, with a very slim chance of being in the Princeton game. This, the Crimson's first game, has not been able to play since the first week of practice, and it was doubtful if he is able to get in the game again before Nov. 3. Touchdown, the third man on whom Harvard had depended, is in very poor shape, though he is able to play off and on. In consequence of these misfortunes the coaches have been forced to look for new men. Mills has been doing some splendid work this week, and Marshall Newell speaks very highly of his ability. He is a short, stocky youngster, and a hard man to get by. He would not be a weak addition to the eleven, especially as he can be worked into the line in a variety of ways. He provides against further weakness at tackle especially in the line of play. He is not especially strong at guard, and is too slow to prove of use in the line of play.

If it were not for the uncertainty caused by injuries the Harvard eleven would be pretty much as fixed as any eleven expected to see Norman Cabot back in his old place at left end. His trial at full back was entirely successful, and he is expected to play in the game which will give him some practice before the Harvard team is put into the line of play. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard. The forwards are showing up in splendid style, and the line is expected to play, though there is still some uncertainty owing to the objection made by his family to his playing guard.

Sportsman's Goods.

Stamped on a Shoe.

MEARS STANDARD OF MERIT
6TH AVENUE CORNER 20TH ST.
The BIGGEST Shoe House in the World.
First Come First Served

A manufacturer intended giving me a happy surprise by producing a small lot of Women's Bicycle lace shoes that could be sold at a close margin for \$1.75. I intend doing it better by the public by selling them for \$1.25.